And this the noble Bodie: I am ſotted,
Vtterly loſt: My Virgins faith has fled me:
For if my brother but even now had ask'd me
Whether I lov'd, I had run mad for *Arcite*,
Now if my Sifter; More for *Palamon*,
Stand both together: Now, come aske me Brother,
Alas, I know not: aske me now ſweet Sifter,
I may goe looke; What a meere child is *Fancie*,
That having two faire gawdes of equall ſweetneſſe,
Cannot diſtinguiſh, but muſt crie for both.

Enter Emil. and Gent.

Emil. How now Sir?
Gent. From the Noble Duke your Brother
Madam, I bring you newes: The Knights are come.
Emil. To end the quarrell?
Gent. Yes.
Emil. Would I might end firſt:
What ſinnes have I committed, chaſt *Diana*,
That my unſpotted youth muſt now be foyld
With blood of *Princes*? and my Chaſtitie
Be made the Altar, where the lives of Lovers,
Two greater, and two better never yet
Made mothers joy, muſt be the ſacrifice
To my unhappy Beautie?

Enter Theſeus, Hipolita, Perithous and attendants.

Theſeus. Bring 'em in quickly,
By any meanes, I long to ſee 'em.
Your two contending Lovers are return'd,
And with them their faire Knights: Now my faire Sifter,
You muſt love one of them.
Emil. I had rather both,
So neither for my ſake ſhould fall untimely

Enter Meſſengers. Curtis.

Theſ. Who ſaw 'em?
Per. I a while.
Gent. And I.
Theſ. From whence come you Sir?
Meſſ. From the Knights.

Theſ.

Theſ. Pray ſpeake
You that have ſeene them, w
Meſſ. I will Sir,
And truly what I thinke: Si
Then theſe they have broug
I never ſaw, nor read of: He
In the firſt place with *Arci*
Should be a ſtout man, by hi
(His very lookes ſo ſay him)
Nearer a browne, than blac
Which ſhewes him hardy, fe
The circles of his eyes ſhow f
And as a heated Lyon, ſo he
His haire hangs long behind
Like Ravens wings: his ſhou
Armd long and round, and o
Hung by a curious Bauldrick
To ſeale his will with, better
Was never Souldiers friend.
Theſ. Thou ha'ſt well deſc
Per. Yet a great deale ſh
Me thinkes, of him that's firſ
Theſ. Pray ſpeake him fri
Per. I gheſſe he is a Prince
And if it may be, greater; for h
Has all the ornament of hono
Hee's ſomewhat bigger, then
But of a face far ſweeter; Hi
Is (as a ripe grape) ruddy: he
Without doubt what he figh
To make this cauſe his owne
All the faire hopes of what he
And when he's angry, then a
(Not tainted with extreames
And guides his arme to brave
He ſhewes no ſuch ſoft temp
Hard hayr'd, and curld, thicke
Not to undoe with thunder;

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Two Noble Kinsmen* (STC 11075) LONDON, 1634 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C